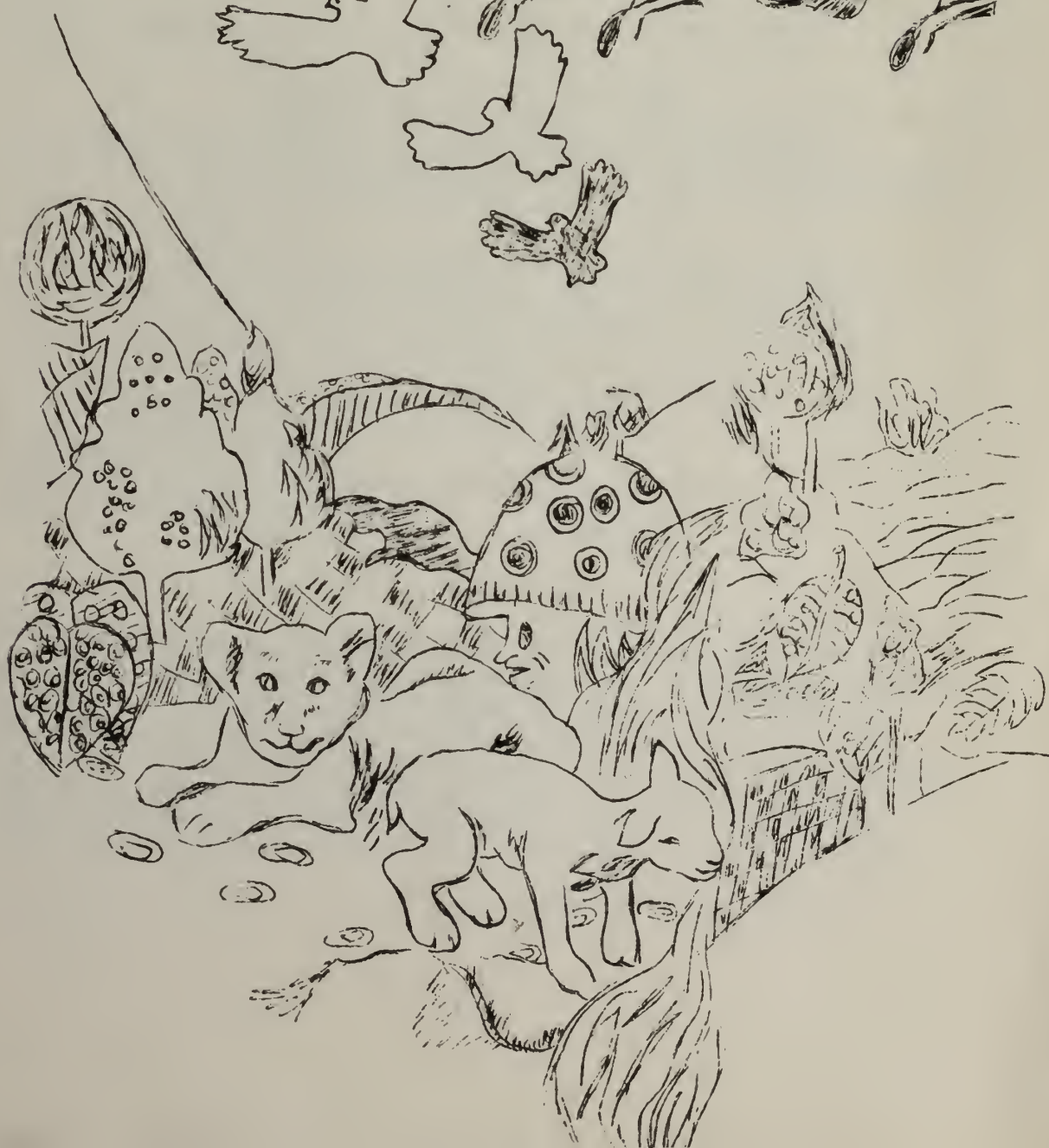


# PARIA 5515



111

1875-1876

1877-1878

1879-1880

1881-1882

1883-1884

THE CONDEMNED

PARYAS US NEEDS MATERIAL! FOR INFORMATION, SEE THE BACK PAGE.

D.O.B..

( Continued on next page )





ation is brilliant and should be greatly admired. He first needed an ideal area in which to work, he magnificiently chose a low-lying swampy area with very poor drainage. He then needed a vast number of cheap labor. So he, with our taxes, built a college where the students, or rather his workers, would pay him just to cultivate his mud-hole. He dictatorally tells them they're happy and very lucky to be a part of the New school. I say he's right. It's best to stay with a winner and Harold Bentley is a winner. His 3,000 workers trudge, sink, swim, drive, fall, ruin shoes, clothes, cars, and suffer cold and wet sensations for their beloved furor, Harold. It's the sure sign of a fine man or King whos subjects will do anything for without thinking.

I will say right now that Mr. Harold Bentley will win the mud-making contest, but only because of his 3,000 dedicated workers. Congradulations.

Tom Tulley

Last night was a true New England winter's eve. The wind rampaged, the stars were bright, and the air was cutting and cold. Being a true New Englander, I did not feel like staying in a warm, gas-heated, unadventurous home. But, rather, I thirsted for the feeling of the night, the feeling that I owned the world!

I slung my ice skates over my shoulder and headed out into the night.

My home is in the country. To get to the lake I had to walk down a snow covered path through the woods. As I walked I felt great to be alive! Robert Frost must have passed this way when he stopped by the woods on that snowy evening.

I walked on.

When I arrived at the lake, I found a wall nearby where I could sit and lace my skates. Sitting there I felt a feeling very strange. The lake seemed different from before. Something flew by me with furious speed!

Finally, it, the feeling, confronted me. There were no romantics here. No idolists of Currier & Ives. Instead, there was an army before me! In one hand they held their weapons, their m-15 rifles, their sticks. In the other hand, they held their ammunition, their bullets, their pucks. They shot at one another, they clashed with one another, they even shouted war-like phrases at one another.

They were men possessed by the devil! They spit on the fallen snow, they dug up the smooth fine ice with their jagged-unstyled skating. They owned my ice. They would not let me near it. What destroyed me the most was that I couldn't quench the thirst I once had. For the first time, I felt a Jealousy and hatred for my fellow man.

Another puck flew past me, just missing me. I was a target.

Whatever lacing I had started, I untied. I slung my skates back over my shoulder and walked slowly toward the direction which I had come from. When I reached the top of the hill, I turned, and looked down upon the battlescene. I wondered if Bobby Orr was becoming a realist and Robert Frost a mere shadow that once stalked the woods? Were the Currier & Ives' drawings only drawings? Could I ever feel the warmth of a cold New England winters eve?

I turned away, weary, tired, to begin my walk back home. From far below I could hear the cry of war, "Goal."

Ann Boover



I have died  
in Viet Nam.

But I have walked  
the face of the moon.

I have befouled the waters  
and tainted the air of a  
magnificent land. But I have  
made it safe from disease.

I have flown through the  
sky faster than the sun. But I  
have idled in streets made  
ugly with traffic.

I have littered the land with  
garbage. But I have built upon  
it a hundred million homes.

I have divided schools with  
my prejudice. But I have sent  
armies to unite them.

I have beat down my enemies  
with clubs. But I have built  
courtrooms to keep them free.

I have built a bomb to destroy  
the world. But I have used it  
to light a light.

I have outraged my brothers  
in the alleys of the ghetto.  
But I have transplanted a  
human heart.

I have scribbled out filth and  
pornography. But I have elevated  
the philosophy of man.

I have watched children starve  
from my golden towers. But I  
have fed half the earth.

I was raised in a grotesque  
slum. But I am surfeited by  
the silver spoon of opulence.

I live in the greatest country  
in the world in the greatest  
time in history. But I scorn  
the ground I stand upon.

I am ashamed.  
But I am proud.  
I am an American.





haymarket in the snow

electric light wire strung

sneaker feet in snow

ice cold wind whispers

nada

respondit: "tangerines

hey, how you do?

no! 'ay'll buy'um!

sell' em!

c'lon!

c'lon!"

rotten oranges

in trash strewn

hanging canvas

wooden carts

crusted barrels flame.

tongue licking ice air

wind snow

hanging steer side

butcher dances wielding

grey knives of shiva:

bacon ovum

3 doz. lg. eggs

1.25

nada nada

respondit: "pay aa cashier!

we're goin home!

we're goin home!"

(how and why are we here?

pedaler respondit: "no mattach:

we're goin home!")

cold breath gog

cheeses hung like truck tires

on wooden wall



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
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Boston Public Library

<https://archive.org/details/parnassusinterar1972unse>

sawdust floor

olave bucket  
(brother in Russia, Tostoy,  
is this ressurection?)

nada nada

respondit thirsting jesu boy:

"tangerines 356

buy tangerines mister?

tangerines?"

et un autre dit:

"ay lady, don pick'um ovah  
you messs um up!"

cold wind blows

ice

nada

respondit: "c'mon, ya know know ya love me!

sure i do!

yeh, but somethin!

brown bag

money changed

trash flames higher

"we're goin home!

we're goin home"

wind wind

nada

nada

respondit respondit

respondere



## Goldy and the Three Panthers

Dig this ghetto scene. Moms was cooking grits at the Panther office for P ops and the Punk Kid. All the cats had their own what-nots and so-forths according to their size.

Moms yelled out that the grits was hot and Pops said to hit the streets cause he knew where some stuff was going down. Moms said that was cool, but the gig had to be short so the grits would be in good condition. Moms, the Punk and the Old Man breezed off in their short.

There was this Jewish chick named (can you dig this) Goldy Lox. Goldy decided to trip out and try making it in the other social class. Goldy hit the streets. She dug the ghetto, took in a few gigs, and tried to make contact. Goldy's footmobiles led her to the Panther office. Goldy freaked out cause the Punk left the door open. Goldy dug the grits and tried the Old Man's -- it was steaming. She tried Moms' and it was in a winter condition. She dug the Punk's and greased back. She dug the chairs and busted the Punk's. She went up to the cribs and got turned on. Goldy always had a thing for young blacks, and was quite taken to the Punk's crib. She went into a deep thing and had erotic dreams.

Moms, Pops and the Punk played a rerun. The Punk dug the door. He yelled "I'll be Gawd-damn-n-nn, the 'Man's' been here trying to crash." Moms yelled "Check my gun!" The Old Man said "I don't dig what's going down." P ops sat at the table and said "Somebody tried to grease on my grits." Moms said "somebody tried to grease on mines too." The Punk said "Some mutha greased back on mines and did a clean up thing on my plate."

The Old Man said "Let's check for the 'Pigs'." The Punk pulled an F.B.I. and found the busted chair. Moms said "My gun's upstairs." The Punk went first. The Old Man dug his crib and said "Somebody's done messed my crib." Moms dug hers and said "Somebody's done messed mines too!" The Punk dug his and said "Ain't this a mutha -- can you dig this honkey laying back in my crib?" The Old Man said "This honkey got some heart, man!--what should we do?" Moms said "Whip that honkey's ass." The Punk said "I can not cope -- the honkey done infiltrated, greased, busted and now got the heart to lie up here like 'Miss Ann'." Pops said "Wake her up and search her -- she might be an agent." Moms had departed to get her gun and pulled a rerun. Meanwhile, Pops and the Punk were deciding on how to get into Goldy's draws.

Moms broke in with her machine, poked Goldy in her buns and took aim.

Goldy woke up and said "Now, man this is really a groove - some of my best friends are black!"

Pops and the Punk stopped and dug Goldy and said "Hey, some of our best friends aren't white - starting with you!" Moms took aim again and told Goldy if she didn't get her white ass out of her sight, she'd blow her away from here to now on.

Goldy felt unwanted and dug that it was her sign off time. Goldy dug the fire escape and did a disappearing act.

The Punk said "Well that's cool, cause we're on the sixth floor, and that escape only has four steps on it." Moms said "Well, that big time slum landlord Mr. Lox, never did get around to fixing it."

Everyone dug a loud thump on the cement.

Diana Gardner

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